

ARROW OF REVELATION

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Interview, Wednesday 11 July, 1000 hours, office of Police Lieutenant Arthur Jamison:

Good morning, Lieutenant. My name is Dr. Steven Scorrio. Here is something I received in the mail yesterday. As you can see, there is no return address on the envelope, yet it believe it has some connection with the death of Percy Wilton.

Generated malice demeans sense of veneration.
Resentment grave excises, credit should be pro rata.
Assessment curse claims sole mind to extrapolate data.
Nightmarish doom exhorts revenge, ire and frustration fret
Direction narrow points, how will anger envelop threat?
Implacable demon torments victim, grim stage is set.
Obsessive horror implements clever way to end life.
Sinister charmer obscures, might end be tight scarf, car, knife?
Enigmatic launch name, find arrow of revelation.

Please take a seat, Doctor. While I study the verse, tell me about your relationship with the deceased.

Percy was my lab assistant for the last year and a half at the Prentice General Hospital. Before that he had assisted Dr. Sebastian Gregory, at the same hospital. Percy was extremely meticulous in conducting experiments and making out reports. But he had no analytical powers. He did what I told him, and I did not think it necessary to include his name on published articles. Here is an article where I used his experiments: Noncirrhotic Nodular Transformation of the Liver. I did not realize the extent of his resentment.

Where were you this past Monday?

I went to see a colleague at the Happy Knight Motel which is ten miles from the city. Here is the receipt I received when I checked out early Tuesday morning. As you can see the zip code of the motel is not the same as that on the envelope.

Yes, I recognize the code as that of a Post Office a mile from here. Please continue.

When I arrived at my house yesterday morning, I picked up my mail and went to my office at the hospital. After I read the mail I rang for Percy but Miss Stanton, the secretary, told me Percy had left around 10:30 A.M. the previous day and had not reported in as yet. I immediately called his home, and Edna,

I mean Mrs. Wilton, answered. She asked me to hurry over. I arrived there just after you had interviewed her and left. She told me Percy had been found dead at his desk in the den on the previous afternoon. No one could tell her how her husband had died. At that moment the telephone rang in the hall and when she went to answer it, I strolled into the den. I saw a typewriter and typed the letters of the alphabet below the verse. Notice the letters match the verse. They do not, however, match the letters of my address on the envelope. Please tell me more about Percy's death.

I received a call from Dr. Samuel Sommers about 4:40 P.M., Monday. He stated that he had found Percy Wilton dead, but he doubted that it was from natural causes. When I arrived with the Coroner, we found Percy in front of his desk with his head resting on the typewriter. The Coroner verified a very peculiar smell on the lips of the dead man. Dr. Sommers advised that he had been treating Percy for asthma and had decided to visit him. He had knocked on the door and when no one had answered it, he found the door wasn't locked. Being a curious man for his age, he walked in and had found Percy dead. A stack of paper lay beside the typewriter but all the pages were blank. A bottle of medicine also was on the desk. Dr. Sommers verified it was for Percy's asthma, but had no lethal contents. I checked the label and went to the Pharmacy at Prentice Hospital. There I had to wait while the pharmacist typed a label. He told me that he had refilled Wilton's medicine about noon on Monday, and that the new medicine had no deadly properties. Well, now that is an odd coincidence. The letters of the address on the envelope match those on the prescription label on this bottle.

Interview, Wednesday 11 July, 1230 hours, home of Mrs. Edna Wilton:

Good afternoon, Mrs. Wilton. Something has occurred that might be connected with the death of your husband. I want to use the typewriter in the den to verify what Dr. Scorrio handed me.

This way, Lieutenant Jamison.

Doctor Scorrio was right. I have typed the alphabet below the alphabet he typed, and it proves that the verse was typed on this typewriter. I do not have the envelope with me, but the postmark date was July 9th. Have you seen this verse before? Please tell me again where you were on the 9th, Mrs. Wilton.

I never saw the verse before. But that was like Percy. He was always writing complaints to the local newspaper column "Letters to the Editor", but they never were published because he never included his name and address. On the 9th an old friend paid a visit and I spent the time with her. Here is the receipt from the Happy Knight Motel when I left Tuesday morning.

Please tell me more about your husband.

Percy and I were married two years ago. I met him when he

worked for Sebastian, I mean Dr. Gregory. I was a nurse at that time at Prentice General Hospital. Percy was a good husband, though dull at times. I think I married him because he asked me. If Percy had typed this verse, is it not odd that death came to him, instead?

Interview, Wednesday 11 July, 1430 hours, office of Dr. Sebastian Gregory:

Good afternoon, Dr. Gregory. I am Lieutenant Jamison. I am investigating the death of Percy Wilton.

One moment, Lieutenant, while I finish this handwritten draft. It is a good thing I have a Secretary. This is the first I have heard the bit. When and how did Percy die?

He died last Monday afternoon. From the evidence Dr. Scorrio gave me, the Coroner verified that Mr. Wilton died from a virulent poison, perhaps a form of curare. Death was instantaneous. What can you tell me about Mr. Wilton, Doctor?

Percy worked for me as a laboratory assistant for two years. I had to let him go because the Government cut off funds for the project. I referred him to Dr. Scorrio. I admit I was surprised when Edna, I mean Mrs. Wilton, married Percy. I thought Edna and I had an understanding.

The poison that Mr. Wilton ingested was rather unusual. Please advise.

A number of research projects are conducted at this hospital. Security is very lax. For example, I can walk into any laboratory or other area without anyone knowing about it.

Here is a verse that was typed on Mr. Wilton's typewriter, on Monday afternoon, and that was mailed to Dr. Scorrio. Where were you that day?

Extremely ingenious, Lieutenant. I like that arrow of revelation. Sad thing Percy is dead. Even though he married Edna, I saw him from time to time. Last Monday I was here all afternoon. My secretary had to go to a dentist, and I had to stay here to receive an important telephone call.

Dear Reader: All the facts have been presented. Extrapolate how death came to Percy Wilton. Was it suicide or murder? What is the main clue? Answers will be found in Answers and Solutions at the end of this issue.